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Miscellaneous.

ANIMAL MAGNETISM.

[This subject, to which the attention of the learned world has several times been drawn, has once more, become a source of controversy in the Scientific Journals of Europe. Whatever may be the result of its pretensions, it is undeniably true that there are many facts connected with it, which deserve investigation. To those of our readers who are unacquainted with its history and principles, the following sketch may not prove unacceptable. It originally appeared in the Port Folio for July, 1822.]

The Magnetizers find evidences of the antiquity of their profession, in the mysteries of the ancient Pagan religion, and especially in the rites attending the consultation of the Oracles, asserting that the ecstasies of the Pythia were nothing but the consequences of a high magnetic state, the power of producing which had been discovered by the priests, who preserved the secret among the holy traditions communicated to the initiated only. F. A. Wolf, one of the most distinguished of the magnetic writers, says that the Egyptians cured diseases by *Contaction*, and that this was particularly the case at Memphis, where the patients, being conducted into the Temple of Serapis, were reduced to a kind of lethargy, and in that state cured by the touch, which, says, Professor Kluge, is very like what has been practised in modern times, under the appellation of magnetizing. He adds, that among the Egyptian hieroglyphics still extant, two human figures are sometimes met with, represented sitting precisely in the attitude which the magnetizers assume. Schelling surmises that the Romans were acquainted with the art of inducing sleep by a certain application of the hands; and Plautus, in his *Amphitruo*, makes Mercury say, "*Quid si ego illum tractum tangam ut dormiat?*" According to the report of the French missionaries in 1768, the Chinese were, for ages, in the practice of healing diseases by the imposition of hands. From the year 1660, the faculty of healing the scrofula by the touch was ascribed to the kings of Europe. Edward the Confessor, of England, is said to have possessed this faculty in a very eminent degree, and, in consequence, the disease in England, was denominated the King's Evil. His cotemporary, Philip I. of France, is likewise said to have possessed the same power for a time; but lost it in consequence of changing his way of life. Under the succeeding kings, both of France and England, the custom of imposing the royal hands to cure scrofula was practised till a very late period,—in England, till the reign of Queen Anne, by whom Dr. Samuel Johnson was touched. At the consecration of a new king in France, he was anciently instructed in the manner of *Contaction*; and it is to this ceremony that the Duke d'Espernon alluded, on being told that Louis XIII. had appointed Richelieu Generalissimo against the Spaniards. "What!" exclaimed the duke, "has Louis reserved nothing to himself but the power of curing the king's evil?" Amongst the German princes, the courts of Hapsburg pretended also to be possessed of this miraculous power.

But the art of curing by contaction was not confined to the sacred race of princes. About a century and a half ago, in London, one Levret, a gardener, practised with some reputation; Greatrakes, an Irish gentleman, acquired still more renown; and lastly, Dr. Streper, soon after, is described as having been singularly successful in his operations.

But in all this, there was nothing that laid claim to the dignity of a scientific name. The pretensions of princes were considered as a peculiar endowment of the regal nature bestowed in the act of consecration, and those of Greatrakes and the others, as a peculiar and a divine gift,—a species of instinct which they alone possessed, and a faculty which could neither be taught nor communicated.

The first who in modern times affected to treat of it as an art dependent on philosophical principles, was Anthony Mesmer, a Swiss by birth. He went to Vienna with the intention of studying medicine. After he had attended the lectures of Swieten and Haen a few years, and obtained the degree of Doctor, he practised as a physician, and married a lady with a considerable fortune, which relieved him from the drudgery of following a profession entirely for subsistence. He was naturally of an enthusiastic temperament, prone to recondite lore and mystical studies. In fact, he chose for his thesis in 1766, when he took his degree, a topic at variance with the whole practice of medicine, being nothing less than a disquisition on the influence of the planets on the human body. The consequence was that by most people he was derided, though a few saw in his enthusiasm

and self-persuasion, the vagrant elements of a singular genius. Instead of being deterred by the ridicule of the one party, or dissuaded from his opinions by the advice of the other, he only labored with the more assiduity in the hope that he should finally overcome the prejudices of both.

Agreeably to his notion of the influence of the stars upon the human frame, there must be a substance diffused universally throughout all nature, and which serves as the agent of that influence. In this, certainly, there is nothing contrary to genuine philosophy; and, if we do not mistake, the celebrated La Place, in his great work, maintains something of the same opinion. But Mesmer proceeded to describe this hypothetical fluid, and supposed that it was Electricity. Repeated experiments convinced him of the insufficiency of that fluid to account for the phenomena.

After spending many years in this sort of conjectural science, he thought the magnetic fluid answered better to his idea, his attention being directed to it by the astronomer Maximilian Helle. Accordingly, in November, 1773, he began a set of experiments by rubbing his patients in certain directions with artificial magnets prepared by Helle. He afterwards tried the effect of placing the diseased parts of the body in constant communication with his magnets, and, according to his account, obtained the most gratifying results. He now made the public acquainted with his discoveries, by which he got into a dispute with his friend Helle, having called on him to bear testimony to the production of some phenomena, which the other asserted he had never seen. But, after the interchange of some bickering, they were reconciled, the difference between them having originated in a misconception. We cannot enter into all the details of the controversies which this magnetic method of curing diseases excited at the time. Suffice it to say, that several persons of the most respectable character did declare that they received great benefit, and were cured of inveterate maladies by the treatment of Mesmer: while others, equally respectable, who tried it, derided these as credulous, and asserted that they themselves had experienced no benefit whatever from it. The regular physicians of Vienna treated Mesmer as a quack and impostor, and rendered his situation so disagreeable that he resolved to abandon his practice in that city. In the years 1775 and 1776, he made several journeys into Bavaria and Switzerland; and it is said, that in the hospitals at Berne and Zurich, he effected several remarkable cures. On his return to Vienna he established in his own house an hospital, into which he received indigent patients, and secretly subjected them to his magnetic experiments.

Hitherto he had always made use of magnetic bars; but happening one day to observe, that with people of weak nerves, he could occasion many singular phenomena, which seemed to have no sort of resemblance to the common effect of the tractors, he was led to suppose that his magnetic bars did not operate by attraction only, but served at the same time, as conductors to a fluid emanating from himself. This supposition became to his own mind a certainty, when he had convinced himself that he could produce the same singular phenomena without a magnet, and by only applying his bare hands. He also found, he says, that he could impart his influence to inanimate things by frequently rubbing them with his hand, and that they produced similar effects to himself on nervous people, who came in contact with them.—After having discovered, as he maintained, the existence of the fluid which he called *Animal Magnetism*, he became every day more mystical, wrapped up his observations in awful obscurity of language, resigned the use of his metallic tractors, and affected to possess in his own person that wonderful virtue which he was able to communicate, not by his personal contact only, but even from a distance by the volitions of his mind, and by which he now affected to cure the most complicated diseases. Whether he was an impostor or a fanatic, was the only question now between those who had ridiculed his pretensions or deemed him a man of genius.

In 1777 he quitted Vienna, and we hear nothing of him till 1778, when he appears to have been at Paris, and in connection with Dr. d'Eslon, a member of the medical faculty in that city, and the most devoted of his disciples—the most strenuous advocate of Animal Magnetism. Encouraged by this individual, he published in the following year a treatise, in which he states the substance of his system of theorems. The work on its appearance, was treated by the learned as chimerical, but when Dr. d'Eslon published his tract on the same subject, his brethren of the Faculty, in order to protect the honor of his profession, which they thought implicated by the promulgation of such doctrines, deprived him of his vote in the Faculty for a whole year, and threatened eventually to erase his name entirely, if he did not publicly recant his errors. This was not either the wisest or most philo-

sophical course of proceeding. It would have been more to the purpose, if they had calmly and patiently examined the cures that Mesmer and D'Eslon pretended they had made; for, by becoming their persecutors, they exalted their fame with the public, and it is inconceivable with what avidity the two quacks were in consequence, sought after, merely because they had thus, without examination or evidence, been so injudiciously proscribed. Mesmer was looked upon by the Parisians with awe and admiration. He was considered as a man replete with Egyptian wisdom, and a chosen benefactor of the human race; his dwelling was beset with patients pressing to receive the miraculous virtue of his touch; and persons of all ages and degrees were found to be enrolled in the list of those who had faith in his doctrines. His patients are described to have been placed in a circle round a covered tub; a profound and mysterious silence reigned in the chamber, which was obscured to the dimness of twilight, and at the same time ornamented with a great number of mirrors; while soft and solemn music cherished the voluptuous drowsiness which all these artifices were so skillfully contrived to produce.

That Mesmer was originally an enthusiast, cannot, we think, be doubted, but that, like many others of that temperament, he afterwards became an impostor, is no less certain. We shall not follow him through all his adventures, nor swell our article with the enumeration of his tricks; but Dr. D'Eslon having formed an independent establishment for himself, they became rivals, and quarrelled; and Mesmer, for a time, left Paris. He was, however, soon invited to return to read lectures on his discovery. Among those who joined in this request, we find the names of Bergasse, the two Counts Chastenot, and Maximus de Puysegur, the Marquis de Puysegur, M. de Barres Kornman, and Father Gerard, all persons of some note and eminence in the world. He accepted their invitation, and formed a society under the appellation of '*the Harmony*,' in which he initiated the members in his magnetic secret, upon being paid an hundred louis d'or. By this means he quickly amassed a large fortune; but the members of the harmony would needs show their skill, and the rage for magnetizing infected all ranks to such a ridiculous degree, that the most extraordinary things began to be imputed to the initiated. At Charenton, they attempted to magnetize horses, and it is said actually threw them into convulsions. In 1784, there were associations of magnetizers, not only in Paris, but Versailles, Lyons, Bourdeaux, Marseilles, Grenoble, Metz, Nancy, Strasbourg, and several other places, of all of which Mesmer was the supreme chief. In the French dominions in Europe, the number of these Harmonic Societies was estimated to be not less than thirty, and in the French West India Islands, it was also very considerable.—The parent society of the former was in Paris, and of the latter at Cape Francois. At Malta and Turin there were also similar associations. Among these societies there were three principal schools, which deserve particular notice.

The Mesmerian school at Paris made use chiefly of the strong contaction of the hands, or metal and glass conductors. In this method, forehead was usually placed to forehead, and foot to foot. At this school, they also employed the magnetized tubs, and trees, and baths, recommending the drinking of magnetized water and the wearing of magnetized glass plates on the stomach. The convulsions which were produced by their influence, whether morally or physically, were considered as salutary, and were denominated '*the crisis*.' It was the sole object of all the experiments to bring them on; and chambers were prepared for the patients, the walls and floors being covered with mattresses, so that in the violence of the convulsions they might not hurt themselves.

The second school was at Lyons, under the direction of the Chevalier Barbarin, who admitted no other agents of Animal Magnetism than *will and faith*; and the students were known by the name of the '*Spiritualists*.'

The third school was formed at Strasbourg, under the direction of the Marquis de Puysegur. Here the patient was touched very gently, fixing the mind at the same time, and the crisis produced is said to have been extremely pleasant.

But while the trade was thus thriving, and proselytes were daily made, on the 12th of March, 1784, a royal ordinance was issued, addressed to the medical faculty of Paris, commanding them to appoint commissioners to inquire into the subject. These, justly indignant at the barefaced nature of the quackery, ascribed all the phenomena produced by the magnetizers to the power of imagination, to imitation, and an excited sensual instinct. Jussieu alone refused to sign the report, alleging that the effects were not producible by the causes assigned for them.

It should also be observed that Mesmer was not examined,

and he protested against all the inferences which might be drawn from the communications of his disciple and rival D'Eslon, who himself, after the Report was published, also protested against its validity. A keen controversy ensued, and an article, entitled 'Imagination,' in the *Encyclopédie Méthodique de Médecine*, for 1787, was supposed to have closed the debate; but the fact is, that it was only the deeper interest of the political questions which about this time began to agitate Paris, that occasioned it to be lost sight of in France.

About the time that the royal ordinance was issued at Paris, Lavater, carried an account of the practice, as improved by Puysegur, to Bremen, and communicated it to the physicians Bicker, Olbers, and Weinhold, by whom it is alleged that it was still more purified from the quackery and juggling of Mesmer. In England, Holland and Italy, Animal Magnetism does not appear to have made any considerable progress; in Sweden it fared no better than in France; in Russia it was only known among the literary; and in Scotland, we believe it was never practised at all, except by some itinerant mountebank exhibitor of Perkins's metallic tractors. As for Mesmer himself, he was alive in 1815, and residing at Franzenfeld, in the canton of Torgau. He was then old and infirm, being in his seventy-sixth year, and had retired both from business and the world. That this extraordinary man, for such he must be considered, whether he be called a quack or a man of genius, is the great inventor of the magnetic practice, cannot be questioned; but that he is entitled to the merit of a discoverer, admitting that there is any foundation in nature for the opinion entertained by him and his disciples, we are strongly disposed to deny; and when it is considered that he was much addicted to obsolete and curious literature, before he entertained any opinion on the subject, we think that the possibility is, he derived his first notions from some of those obscure and ancient works in which many singular truths are lost, amidst a mass of mysticism and fancy. The old doctrine, for example, of curing wounds by sympathy, is in its principle, we conceive, essentially the same as that of Animal Magnetism.

We shall now proceed to give some account of the magnetical phenomena, on which the whole evidence of the existence of the principles of the doctrine rests.

It appears that two subjects are requisite for the process of magnetizing. The one active and the other passive; the magnetizer and the magnetized. It is also affirmed that the phenomena are seen only on the latter, but that the former also undergoes an alteration in this process. The magnetizer must possess a superiority of energy and vital power with respect to the patient. But if the reverse be the case, either no perceptible effect will take place, or the phenomena will be seen in the magnetizer and not in the patient.—When the magnetizer operates on a susceptible subject, he experiences a warmth and gentle flowing out from the flat of his hand and finger ends; but if he wears silk gloves, or covers his hands with any other electric substance, he experiences none of this genial out-streaming, and his operations are of no effect; and if he wear linen or leather gloves, the result is different. After an effectual application, the magnetizer feels a general weakness in the organs of digestion, attended with debility, which is said to be in proportion to the degree of susceptibility in the patient. When the magnetizer is isolated with the patient, by electric bodies, the waste of power is said to be not only less, but the effect of the operation greater,—the inference from which is, that the weakness or debility is not owing to fatigue or weariness, but is occasioned by the loss of communicated matter. The effects of the operation on the patient, are the reverse. He is invigorated, the sense of life brightens throughout the whole region of his sensations, and he seems to have received an augmentation of vital energy. But we must not trust ourselves in attempting to adopt the mystical language in which the magnetizers have described their science, nor indeed should we either do them or our readers justice, were we not to quote the sublime mysticism of what we have no doubt are considered truths by the faithful.

Professor Kluge divides the different stages into which the patient may be excited, into six different degrees!

"The higher he advances in these degrees," says the learned Professor, "he leaves the sensual world, and approaches the intellectual. These degrees cannot always be produced by art in all patients; nor is an ascent to the ultimate, requisite for the recovery of health; for many patients, during the whole course of the cure, until their perfect recovery, remain in the lower degrees only—others become susceptible more and more by every new operation, and gradually rise to the highest state; others, again, though but few, pass over to the higher degrees at once; and in this they continue during the whole of the cure. As they get better however, all lose their susceptibility!"

"In the first degree, the usual channels of access by which the soul is connected with the external world, remain unimpaired. Sense remains open, and retains man within the usual sphere of things. This is called the *waking degree*. The second degree is denominated the half sleep, or the *imperfect crisis*; the eye is closed, but the other senses are not entirely shut. The third degree is the *magnetic sleep*, in which the patient is in the condition of a person stunned; but it is remarkable, that while he thus stands on the verge, as it were, of the world of sense, in darkness and mystery,

he still retains the recollections of real life. The fourth degree is called the *perfect crisis*, and is distinguished from the third by the presence of consciousness; it is commonly called *Somnambulism*. The fifth degree is known by the name *clairvoyance*, or self-inspection more properly, and in it the patient obtains a luminous knowledge of the inward state of his body and mind, calculates the diagnostics which will arise as a natural consequence, and determines the most effectual remedies for their removal.

"In the sixth degree, the patient steps out of himself into a higher connection with universal nature. The faculty of self-inspection is extended over things near and far off in space and time, and this state is denominated the degree of general vision, also the *ecstasy* or disorganization. The patient is abstracted from all things mean and terrestrial, and exalted to more grand and noble sensations. He undergoes, as it were, a transmutation of being: a spirit speaks through him. His connection with the Magnetizer is so intimate, that he knows all his thoughts, and obeys his will, and yet the sensations of this state are said to border on beatitude."

Beyond these degrees, there are other stages, but they have not been so accurately described.

Whether our readers are able to form any distinct ideas from this account of Animal Magnetism, by the most learned and intelligent of all the writers on the subject, we shall not pause to consider; but proceed to add a few instances of the phenomena peculiar to the different degrees or stages of the operation.

Pezold asked one of his patients during her magnetic sleep, if she would walk about the room with him; to which she replied, "Yes, if he would have it so." "No," said he, "that must depend on you, if you are strong enough." "I have strength sufficient," said the Somnambulist, "but my will is dependent on yours." Pezold having awakened her, he asked her again, and also what she meant by saying that she had no will of her own. But she had no recollection of their conversation. Next day, when she was again cast into the magnetic slumber, he resumed the conversation, and she recollected in that state what had passed during her sleep the day before, and repeated that without his concurrence, she could do nothing.

The public were sometime ago, a good deal amused, and we may say even interested in the pretensions of a Miss Macenvoy, (or, some such name,) a young lady of Liverpool, who affected to see by the touch, if we may use the expression. But hers was nothing to the miraculous sense of some of the Somnambulists of the Continent. Professor Nasse placed on the eyelids of a female patient in the magnetic sleep, a couple of sticking plasters, tied firmly and closely, covering the whole region of the eye. He then exhibited before her some stained papers, and she recognized their colors, even while in her magnetic trance. Caullet de Veau-mores states, in his Aphorisms, that the Somnambulist can see objects through opaque bodies, (millstones for example,) provided the intervening body is not electrical, such as silk, sealing wax, &c. Potetin relates, that he knew a Somnambulist who could tell what he held in his clenched hand, as soon as he placed the back of his hand upon the pit of her stomach. She also recognized any solid or liquid substance in a closed vessel, when it was applied to the same part.—She could even read letters in the same manner, and she also knew how much money the persons who were near her had in their pockets. Similar experiments were made by Gmelin on one of his most susceptible patients, and the results were similar. In the Strasburg Courier for 1807, there is an account of a cataleptic lady, who fell at certain times, into the magnetic sleep naturally, during which, she not only could read letters doubled up and placed on the pit of her stomach, but could also read writings at a distance, when the sense of her eyes was shut; yea, even while another person, with the book in another room, covered the page with the flat of one hand, and with the other touched one of the people present, who by reciprocally joining hands with several, formed, as it were, an electrical chain to the patient.

But the Somnambulist, in his trance, say the Magnetizers can not only see those things which, by the sense of sight, he could not see, but also things which are altogether beyond the common faculty of vision. In some states of the trance, he perceives a splendor issuing from the body of the Magnetizer, like the glorious halo with which the painters surround the heads of saints in their pictures; and he describes it, according to Landsperge, Le Blanc, and others, to be like the color of the electric spark. From some parts, such as the hair, the eyes, and especially the finger-ends, this splendor is said to issue in regular currents, and their intensity to be in proportion to the energy of the Magnetizer. Fischer relates, that a Somnambulist whom he knew, did always, during the magnetic operation, observe a sphere of dense mist about himself and his Magnetizer, and which streamed forth upon him principally from the finger ends, and surrounded him to a distance beyond the reach of his arms.—Tardy professes to have made several experiments relative to this phenomenon. He held the end of his thumb at some distance in a direction towards that of a female Somnambulist, upon which, she saw luminous streams issuing from the two thumbs in straight lines—that which proceeded from the thumb of the Magnetizer being intensely stronger and quicker in its motion than her own. When Tardy took a steel

conductor in his grasp, the fluid streaming from the conductor appeared to the Somnambulist, to be augmented in brilliancy and rapidity. When, instead of a steel rod, a bar of the mineral magnet was taken, the patient beheld, independently of the stream which issued from the point in a straight line, another stream proceeding from it in spiral volutions. When Tardy directed the steel conductor towards the plane of a board eight lines thick, the Somnambulist saw the fluid going through, and coming forth again on the opposite side, but with diminished velocity and splendor. All his experiments are exceedingly curious; and if they have no foundation in fact, he has unquestionably the merit of a most ingenious invention.

Nasse, whom we have mentioned above, is said to have been the first who discovered that the magnetized, like the natural Somnambulist, has no recollection, after he awakes, of what took place during his trance. But one of the prettiest anecdotes upon this subject is related by Mouillesaux. This Magnetizer ordered one of his patients, whilst she was in a crisis, to pay a visit next day, at a fixed hour, to a particular person, knowing that the charge would be disagreeable to the patient, owing to certain private considerations.—She, however, promised to do what the Magnetizer required; upon which he immediately disentranced her, but took care that in her waking state, she should not be reminded of her promise. At the time appointed, he went, with some of her friends, to the house, and presently the patient appeared at the door, and passed it several times with anxious irresolution; at last she entered in visible perplexity. Mouillesaux pacified her immediately by acquainting her with the transaction, and she then told him that from the moment she had awoke, a thought had continually haunted her to pay the visit, and that although she had struggled against it, she found herself constrained, as it were, by fate. Weinhold mentions an anecdote of the same kind, but less remarkable.

The anecdotes of cases of the fifth degree are still more singular. Fischer mentions an instance of a clairvoyant or self-inspector, who minutely described all the interior parts of his own body, and yet knew nothing of anatomy, but only affirmed that he saw them. Kluge states, that a physician, a friend of his, was convinced of the truth of the doctrine of Animal Magnetism, by a description which a clairvoyante gave in her trance, of the construction of her own eyeball, even to its smallest parts, which she described with perfect anatomical correctness, though in illiterate terms. Heinekens relates of a female patient of his, who said, "I behold the interior of my own body: all its parts appear to me as it were, transparent, and pervaded by a warm current of light. I see the blood flowing in my veins. I observe the disorders, and I am thinking of the remedies; and then it seems as if some being called out to me. 'Use this thing, or that thing;' and the inference from this, is, that what is thus described as a voice, is an instinct which suggests the remedy that the disease required. Sometimes, in this state, the clairvoyant will so describe the properties, though he cannot tell the names of the drugs his case requires, that the physician can order them with the most perfect confidence. In addition to this, the clairvoyant, in his trance, will prognosticate with the greatest precision, for months to come, the course and development of his disease."

The mysteries of Animal Magnetism, are, of course, according to the degrees; and the phenomena of the sixth degree, are of course more wonderful than all the others.—"The patient in the sixth degree," says Kluge, "bursts the inclosure of external darkness, and enters into a more sublime contemplation of universal nature. His sight penetrates the hidden things of time past, and he sees the distant and unknown as the present, and the fruit of the future, while it is still slumbering in the germ. He will describe persons that he has never seen, to those present, who but think of them, and tell the situation which they are in at that moment?"—We have ourselves been told of a magnetic lady, formerly of Exeter, who, on one occasion, in London, on being asked respecting an absent friend, by a gentleman, described him as in the water. Some days after, being again in a trance, she was asked the same question, and replied that she saw but his bones, and the fishes swimming about him. It subsequently appeared, that the person was shipwrecked about the time the question was first put to the lady. This anecdote we have from one of the persons who was present on both occasions—a gentleman of great honor and integrity; but we should add, disposed to be a believer.

Having said so much about the Magnetizers and their patients, it may be expected that we should give some account of the Magnetism itself. But here we are at fault. It would seem, however, from all that we can learn by tale or history, that this unknown fluid, in some of its properties so analogous to Electricity and Galvanism, is supposed to operate by means of the nerves—those organs by which the soul holds its intercourse with the external world through the doors and windows of the senses. According to the Magnetizers, it circulates by the nerves within the body, and by them, affects the mind; just as Electricity chooses the bones for its conductors, and Galvanism the muscular fibre. One thing, however, of no small moment, is clear, namely, it is by no means distinctly made out, that there is any such fluid at all, as Animal Magnetism, and that the argument which the Magnetizers urge, in corroboration of

their belief in its existence, though exceedingly ingenious and curious in itself, is by no means conclusive.

In the animal kingdom, for example, they say we have many phenomena which cannot be explained otherwise than by admitting a sensible sphere of action around the body, by which independently of any exercise of the ordinary faculties of the animal, it enjoys a knowledge of things at a distance, and also of events to happen; to say nothing of that agent within, commonly called instinct, which directs the diseased animal to choose the best remedies for its malady. By what means do shell-fish, entirely deficient of sight, exercise their powers of perception? or what is that curious distant feeling discovered in the bat, by Spallanzani? Then there is one presentiment of most animals, and especially insects, with respect to changes of the weather, to say nothing of those calendars or barometers which men who have been wounded, often carry in their bones for ever after.—

What are we also to make of the still more curious faculty by which horses have a distant perception of danger? To what sense shall we ascribe those sudden cataleptic affections with which many warm-blooded animals are seized, when near some particular amphibian; or that power beyond their bodies, which the electric fishes possess? Cotugno mentions, that when he was going to dissect a living mouse, he took hold of the skin of its back, with two of his fingers, and held the little animal up, but the tail in the same moment touching his hand, he experienced a violent shock and spasm, which extended through his arm and shoulder to the head, and left behind it, a painful sensation. But man himself is not free from unaccountable sympathies and antipathies. The celebrated Reil relates, that he knew a young man who, by a kind of anguish, always perceived at a distance every obstruction that was placed in his way in the dark. And the antipathy to cats, with which many people are affected, and by which, without any sensible perception, they know when that animal is near them, is one of those mysteries that have never yet been explained. In men who are deficient in one of the nobler senses, the peculiar excellence of another, occasionally serves as a proxy. The blind have sometimes a sense of colors by touch, and the deaf and dumb, it has been remarked, have something like the distinct perception of things at a distance. Reil mentions two remarkable instances of this faculty, in a lady who possessed it to a very great degree. One evening, when she was sitting cheerfully in company, she became uneasy, and began to wail, and point continually with her hand in a particular direction. The persons present came to the door, and beheld a neighboring country-seat in flames. On another occasion, she leaped out of bed in the night with every expression of joy, and made signs for the people of the house to put the tea-kettle on the fire; and running to the gate, pulling her mother along with her, met her brother, who had that moment arrived from Petersburg. This, to be sure, is very like Highland "second sight." The perception of things at a distance, is not limited to objects of sight, but reaches far into the future, both with respect to hearing and smell; and although none of the Magnetizers seem to have acquired any facts of this phenomenon arising naturally, yet there are several within our own knowledge singularly inexplicable. In one of Lord Byron's excursions in Greece, an Albanian explained to him a remarkable persuasion, prevalent among that mountain race, as to events being forewarned by sounds resembling those which would accompany their actual occurrence; and in a respectable family of our own acquaintance, there was an ignorant maid-servant, who for some days, made them all alarmed with her own distress, arising from smelling a corpse in the house—and about a week after one of the children died. "Can such things be, and overcome us like a summer cloud, without our special wonder?"

Next to these phenomena which tend to establish the existence of a sensible sphere of the body in man as a perceptive faculty; or, in other words, the existence, according to 'the wisdom of our ancestors,' of our seven senses; there are also some which seem to prove its active power, and it is upon these that the Magnetizers lay the greatest stress.—In early antiquity, mankind were persuaded that the living animal body possessed the property of transferring to others a part of its fullness or abundance of vitality; and they founded upon this, a medical treatment to which they gave the name of Gerocomie. It consisted in placing the debilitated and infirm old, close to and within the corporeal atmosphere of the fresh young. The well known instance of King David, will present itself to every mind; and the common persuasion that vigorous children, by sleeping with old people, visibly decline and fade, requires no particular illustration. Both Kluge and Gmelin, record instances of nervous patients being refreshed and invigorated by changing their solitary couches, for beds which had been previously warmed by healthy children. But the whole of our sympathies are inexplicable by any known principle of medical or anatomical science, from the infectious yawn, to the transferable spasms. Upon the latter subject, instead of adducing instances, we beg leave to refer to Boerhaave's experiments in the Foundling Hospital at Haarlem, in order that we may have room for an impressive and well authenticated fact respecting the sympathetic affinity of individuals. The romance and beauty of the tale are extremely dramatic.

When the Count de la Tour Laude was in London, we believe Ambassador from Louis XIII., a young shoemaker,

in taking his measure, became strangely agitated, was seized with a violent hemorrhage at the nose, and fainted away.—This was considered at first as accidental, but when the man returned, to fit on the shoes after they were made, he was immediately, on approaching the Count, again affected as before. De la Tour was much struck with the circumstance, for, at that time, the doctrine of sympathies was more in vogue than at present; he inquired into the history of the young man, and learned that he was born in France, but taken at a tender age to Bohemia, afterwards to Holland, whence he had come to England. The Count was the more interested by this narration, for a child of his sister, who died in giving it birth, had been stolen, and never heard of, and he began to think that there was something providential in the phenomena which he had witnessed in the young man. He, in consequence, directed inquiries to be instituted, and in the end, traced effectually and completely, that the youth was his nephew; established his right to the title and estates of the Baron de Vesins, the husband of his sister; and in perpetual commemoration of the event, founded an hospital at Rochelle, which Louis XIII., in 1637, endowed with particular privileges.

But we have already adverted sufficiently to the many curious effects of inexplicable sympathies, or by whatever other name such mysteries of our nature may be called, otherwise we might inquire, from what experience it has been formed, or how it happens, that we so often think of absent persons involuntarily, and presently they make their appearance: or why it is that when we sometimes approach the door of a friend with the intention of paying a visit, we are inwardly informed that he is not in the house. All these, and many other marvellous things, the Magnetizers discuss with much ingenuity, and explain with surprising plausibility.

The facts which the Magnetizers have collected respecting the influence of dreams, are even more curious than any thing we have yet stated, and they are the more deserving of attention, as they are not at variance with any established principle of metaphysical science. We need not refer our readers to the exposition of the phenomenon of dreams by Dugald Stewart, in which he traces it to associations excited independently of the will, as Darwin concisely and poetically expresses it, "The Will presides not in the bower of Sleep." There is no difference between their doctrine and his; but the ancient opinion of inspiring particular dreams, has been revived by Schmid, with considerable plausibility; and what is the more remarkable, the method he prescribes is exactly similar to the description which Milton gives of Satan, whispering to the sleeping Eve. Milton, it is well known, was a great student of recondite literature, and doubtless formed his description from some ancient treatise on the art of forming dreams. Kluge mentions that he had himself received an account of a young man that obtained the affections of a girl who disliked him, while awake, by 'whispering soft nonsense in her ear,' as she lay asleep.—When she afterwards became his wife, she informed him that her aversion had been changed by the influence of pleasant dreams.

Beattie, in his Critical and Moral Dissertations, mentions a story of an English officer, whom his companions, by softly whispering in his ear, could make dream what they pleased, inasmuch, that on one occasion they made him, in his slumber, go through all the particulars of a duel, from the beginning of the quarrel to the firing of the pistol. But enough of all this. Granting to the Magnetizers that all their anecdotes are true, we can still regard their doctrine but as a sort of medical fanaticism; and it may be briefly and rationally described as assuming a number of acknowledged facts, uniting them with supposititious excitances, and deducing from the combination, a systematic exposition of phenomena, which, although unquestioned, are not explicable by the principles upon which the practice of the Magnetizers is founded. We should apologize to our readers for the length to which we have carried this article, but we were desirous of presenting such an account of Animal Magnetism as might be referred to: there being as yet, no general view of the subject, in the English language.

From Memoirs of Dr. Burney: by Madame D'Arbigny.

JOHNSON AND BOSWELL.

Boswell spoke the Scotch accent strongly, though by no means so as to affect, even slightly, his intelligibility to an English ear. He had an odd mock solemnity of tone and manner, that he had acquired imperceptibly from constantly thinking of and imitating Dr. Johnson; whose own solemnity, nevertheless, far from mock, was the result of pensive rumination. There was, also, something slouching in the gait and dress of Mr Boswell, that wore an air, ridiculously enough, of purporting to personify the same model. His clothes were always too large for him; his hair, or wig, was constantly in a state of negligence; and he never for a moment sat still or upright upon a chair. Every look and movement displayed either intentional or involuntary imitation. Yet certainly it was not meant as a caricature; for his heart, almost even to idolatry, was in reverence of Dr. Johnson.

Dr. Burney was often surprised that this kind of farcical similitude escaped the notice of the Doctor, but attributed

his missing it, to a high superiority over any such suspicion, as much as to his near-sightedness; for fully was Dr. Burney persuaded, that, had any detection of such imitation taken place, Dr. Johnson, who generally treated Mr Boswell as a school-boy, whom, without the smallest ceremony, he pardoned or rebuked alternately, would so indignantly have been provoked, as to have instantaneously inflicted upon him some mark of his displeasure. And equally he was persuaded, that Mr Boswell, however shocked and even inflamed in receiving it, would soon, from his deep veneration, have thought it justly incurred; and, after a day or two of pouting and sullenness, would have compromised the matter by one of his customary simple apologies, of "Pray, sir, forgive me!"

Dr. Johnson, though often irritated by the officious importunity of Mr Boswell, was really touched by his attachment. It was, indeed, surprising, and even affecting, to remark the pleasure with which this great man accepted personal kindness, even from the simplest of mankind; and the grave formality with which he acknowledged it even to the meanest.

As Mr Boswell was at Streatham only upon a morning visit, a collation was ordered, to which all were assembled. Mr Boswell was preparing to take a seat, that he seemed, by prescription, to consider as his own, next to Dr. Johnson; but Mr Seward, who was present, waved his hand, for Mr Boswell to move further on, saying, with a smile, "Mr Boswell, that seat is Miss Burney's."

He stared, amazed; the asserted claimant was new and unknown to him, and he appeared by no means pleased to resign his prior rights. But, after looking round the room for a minute or two, with an important air of demanding the meaning of this innovation, and receiving no satisfaction, he reluctantly, almost resentfully, got another chair, and placed it at the back of the shoulder of Dr. Johnson; while this new and unheard of rival, quietly seated herself, as if not hearing what was passing; for she shrunk from the explanation that she feared might ensue, as she saw a smile stealing over every countenance, that of Dr. Johnson himself not excepted, at the discomfiture and surprise of Mr Boswell.

Mr Boswell, however, was so situated as not to remark it in the Doctor; and of every one else, when in that presence, he was unobservant, if not contemptuous. In truth, when he met with Dr. Johnson, he commonly forbore even answering anything that was said, or attending to anything that went forward, lest he should miss the smallest sound from that voice to which he paid such exclusive, though merited homage. But the moment that voice burst forth, the attention which it excited in Mr Boswell, amounted almost to pain. His eyes goggled with eagerness; he leaned his ear almost on the shoulder of the Doctor; and his mouth dropped open to catch every syllable that might be uttered: nay, he seemed not only to dread losing a word, but to be anxious not to miss a breathing; as if hoping from it, latently, or mystically, some information.

But when, in a few minutes, Dr. Johnson, whose eye did not follow him, and who had concluded him to be at the other end of the table, said something gaily and good humoredly, by the appellation of Bozzy; and discovered, by the sound of the reply, that Bozzy had planted himself, as closely as he could, behind, and between the elbows of the new usurper and his own, the Doctor turned angrily round upon him, and clapping his hand rather loudly upon his knee, said, in a tone of displeasure, "What do you there, sir? Go to the table, sir!"

Mr Boswell, instantly, and with an air of affright, obeyed; and there was something so unusual in such humble submission to so imperious a command, that another smile gleamed its way across every mouth, except that of the Doctor and Mr Boswell; who now, very unwillingly, took a distant seat.

But, ever restless when not at the side of Dr. Johnson, he presently recollected something that he wished to exhibit, and, hastily rising, was running away in its search. "What are you thinking of, sir? Why do you get up before the cloth is removed? Come back to your place, sir!"

Again, and with equal obsequiousness, Mr Boswell did as he was bid; when the Doctor, pursing his lips, not to betray rising risibility, muttered half to himself, "Running about in the middle of meals!—One would take you for a Brangton!"

"A Brangton, sir?" repeated Mr Boswell, with earnestness; "what is a Brangton, sir?"

"Where have you lived, sir," cried the Doctor, laughing, "and what company have you kept, not to know that?"

Mr Boswell now, doubly curious, yet always apprehensive of falling into some disgrace with Dr. Johnson, said in a low tone, which he knew the Doctor could not hear, to Mrs Thrale: "Pray ma'am what is a Brangton?—Do me the favor to tell me—Is it some animal hereabouts?"

Mrs Thrale only heartily laughed, but without answering; as she saw one of her guests uneasily fearful of an explanation. But Mr Seward cried, "I'll tell you—if you will walk with me into the paddock; only let us wait till the table is cleared; or I shall be taken for a Brangton, too!"

They soon went off together; and Mr Boswell, no doubt, was fully informed on the road, what had led to the usurpation by which he had thus been annoyed. But the Brangton fabricator took care to mount to her chamber ere they returned; and did not come down till Mr Boswell was gone.

*The name of a vulgar family in "Evelina," a novel written by Miss Burney.

Editor's Correspondence.

For the Literary Journal.

THE WHALE SHIP.

"They who go down to the sea in ships," pursue a perilous vocation, and well deserve the prayers which are offered for them in the churches. It is a hard life—full of danger and of strange attraction. The seaman rarely abandons the glorious sea. It requires, however, a pretty firm spirit, both to brave the ordinary dangers of the deep, and to carry on war with its mightiest tenants. And yet it is a service readily entered upon, and zealously followed; though indisputably the most laborious and most terrific of all human pursuits. Well might Burke speak glowingly of that hardy spirit of adventure, which had pursued this gigantic game from the constellations of the North, to the frozen serpent of the South.

The most common accident to which whalers are exposed, is that of being "stove," as they express it, by the huge animal, before they can back out from their dangerous proximity. A slight tap of his tail is quite sufficient to shiver a common whale-boat to atoms. If this danger be escaped, the whale, with the harpoon in his hide, sinks beneath the sounding of the deep-sea-lead. Not long will he stay at the bottom. He rises for air—and this is a signal for the renewal of the battle. The boat is drawn up, and the lance is buried in his giant body. Not safe is the game till it is fairly bagged. Often, in the moment of victory, the vanquished leviathan settles quietly down in the deep sea; and no tackle can draw him up. The curses of the exhausted seamen are "not loud, but deep."

On the twenty-eighth of May, 1817, the Royal Bounty, an English ship, fell in with a great number of whales, in seventy-seven degrees, twenty-five minutes North Latitude, and Longitude five degrees East. There was neither ice nor land in sight. The boats were manned, and sent in pursuit. After a chase of five hours, a harpooner, who had rowed out of sight of the ship, struck one of the whales. This was about four o'clock in the morning. The Captain directed the course of the ship to the place where he had last seen the boats, and about eight o'clock, got sight of a boat which displayed the signal for being fast. Soon after, another boat approached the first, and struck a second harpoon. By mid-day, two more harpoons were struck; but such was the astonishing vigor of the whale, that although it constantly dragged through the water from four to six boats, together with sixteen hundred fathoms of line, yet it pursued its flight, nearly as fast as a boat could row. Whenever a boat passed beyond its tail, it would dive. All endeavors to lance it were therefore in vain. The crews of the loose boats then moored themselves to the fast boats. At eight o'clock in the evening, a line was taken to the ship, with a view of retarding its flight, and the topsails were lowered; but the harpoon "drew." In three hours, another line was taken on board; which immediately snapped. At four in the afternoon of the next day, thirty-six hours after the whale was struck, two of the fast lines were taken on board the ship. The wind blowing a moderately brisk breeze, the top-gallant sails were taken in; and the courses hauled up, and the topsails clewed down;—and in this situation, she was towed directly to windward, during an hour and a half, with the velocity of one and a half to two knots. And then, though the whale must have been greatly exhausted, it beat the water with its fins and tail so tremendously, that the sea around was in a continual foam; and the most hardy seamen scarcely dared to approach it. At length, about eight o'clock, after forty hours of incessant exertion, this formidable and astonishingly vigorous animal was killed.

Another scene, yet unrecorded, will illustrate the danger of the pursuits, as well as the heroic enterprise of these gallant sons of the ocean. It was described to the writer by one of the principal actors. A boat's crew fastened to a large sperm whale, about three o'clock in the afternoon. The animal "dove," and the harpoon "drew." The wind was light—and he laid his course directly to windward. They succeeded, after a long pursuit, in fastening again; but the stroke of the harpoon seemed only to redouble his vigor. He started off, like an affrighted race-horse. Soon

the shades of evening fell. There was time sufficient, in that starry clime, to reach the vessel. The alternative was presented of losing the whale—or, the chance of being lost themselves. The mate put the question to-vote: "Shall we pull on—or cut the lines and row for the vessel? If we pull on, it is either the whale or a stove boat!" The answer was unanimous, to "pull on." In twenty minutes, the whale was dead. In the morning, the ship was but a speck on the ocean. At mid-day, the whale was along side.—Every one of these fellows had courage enough to have led a forlorn hope.

Attempts have been made to introduce machinery into the whale-catching business. It has always been carried on by dexterity of hand, and stoutness of heart. The nursery rhymes tell us of a giant, with a cable for a line, and a mast for a fishing rod, who "sat upon a rock and bobbed for whale." Until those days return, there will be no machinery that will answer the purpose. An English artist invented a gun for throwing the harpoon. An American spent many years in inventing a ball, which was to be discharged into the body of a whale, and then explode; and thus blow him up. Both these inventions have fallen into disuse—like a thousand other very ingenious, but very useless contrivances. The day may come, however, when whales shall be chased by steam-boats, or captured by bombs and rockets. Till then, we must rely—and we may do so with confidence, upon the nerve of men—who will pull up to the side of the wrathful leviathan—put in the harpoon with a steady hand and strong arm:—upon a race of men, who laugh the dangers of the Pacific to scorn. There have been instances, where a fellow of peculiar agility and daring, has leaped from his boat upon the back of the whale, given his blow, and leaped back, "in time to save his distance."

The most strange and dreadful calamity that ever befel the wanderers of the sea, in any age, was that which happened in the year 1819, to the ship *Essex*, of Nantucket.—The English Reviewers profess to disbelieve the story; and ridicule our credulity. But some of those who survived the terrible catastrophe, are yet alive; and bear their united testimony to the truth of the statements, which one of them has published. It is a story which no man, for any conceivable purpose, would be likely to invent. The Captain of the *Essex* is yet living upon his native island; and it is a fact, pregnant with meaning, that so vivid, to this day, is his recollection of the horrors which he witnessed, that he is never heard to mention the subject; and nothing can induce him to speak of it. He has abandoned the sea, forever. The story bears the marks of truth upon it. It may be briefly told.

The *Essex*, a sound and substantial ship, sailed for the Pacific Ocean, on a whaling voyage, from Nantucket, on the twelfth of August, 1819. On the twentieth of November, in the same year, in Latitude forty degrees South, Longitude one hundred and nineteen degrees West, a "school" of whales were discovered. Three boats were manned and sent in pursuit. The mate's boat was struck by a whale; and he was obliged to return to the ship, to repair the damage. While thus engaged, a sperm whale, about eighty-five feet long, broke water, about twenty rods from the ship, on her weather bow. He was going at the rate of about three knots an hour, and the ship at about the same rate; when he struck the bows of the vessel, just forward of her chains. The shock produced by the collision of two such masses of matter in motion, may well be imagined. The ship shook like a leaf. The whale "dove," passed under the vessel—grazing her keel—and appeared, about the ship's length distant, lashing the sea with his fins and tail, as if suffering the most horrible agony. He was evidently hurt by the collision, and rendered frantic with rage. In a few minutes, he seemed to recover himself, and started with great speed, directly across the bows of the vessel, to windward. Meantime, the hands on board discovered the vessel to be gradually settling down by the bows; and the pumps were to be rigged. While engaged in fixing the pumps, one of the men sung out, "My God, here he comes upon us again!" The whale had turned, at the distance of about one hundred rods from the ship, was making for her, with double his former speed. His pathway was white with foam. He struck her bow, and the blow shook every timber of the ship.

Her bows were stove in. The whale dove under the vessel, and disappeared. The vessel immediately sunk. All this was transacted in the short space of ten minutes. The other boats rowed up; and when they came together—when a sense of their loneliness and helplessness came over them, no man had the power of utterance. They were in the midst of the "illimitable sea"—far—far from land—in open whale boats—relying only upon God for succor, in this hour of their utmost need.

On the twenty-second of November, having gathered what provisions they could from the wreck, they put away for the land—the nearest being two thousand miles distant! How their hearts must have died within them, as they looked at the prospect before and around them! After incredible hardships and sufferings, on the twentieth of December, they reached a low island, (Ducie's,) in Latitude twenty-four degrees forty minutes South, Longitude one hundred and twenty-four degrees forty minutes West. It was a mere sand bank—almost barren—which supplied them with nothing but water. On this island—desolate as it was—three of the men chose to remain, rather than to commit themselves again to the uncertain chances of the sea. They have never since been heard from. This island is seldom visited—and their fate may be easily conjectured.

On the twenty-seventh of December, the three boats with the remainder of the men, started in company, from the island, for Juan Fernandez, a distance of two thousand five hundred miles! On the twelfth of January, the boats parted company, in a gale. Then commenced a scene of suffering, which cannot be contemplated without horror. The men died one after another—and the survivors lived upon their flesh. In the captain's boat, on the first of February, three only were living; they cast lots, to see which of them should die. It fell upon the youngest.—He seated himself in the bow of the boat, with calmness and fortitude—was shot and eaten. He was the nephew of the captain! No wonder that the heart of that brave man recoils and shudders, when this terrific scene is forced upon his recollection. The mate's boat was taken up by the Indian of London, on the nineteenth of February—ninety-three days from the time of the catastrophe, with three living men of that boat's crew. The captain's boat was taken up on the twenty-third of February, by the Dauphin of Nantucket. The other boat was never heard from. Thus, of a crew of twenty, five only survived to relate the story of their sufferings.

The annals of maritime adventure, are filled with narratives of similar hardships and misfortunes. They are fitted for instruction and admonition. The hardy seaman endures much: and he endures it with heroism. Let us remember these wanderers of the sea, "in our hours of ease." They are the artificers of that wealth, which is adorning our cities with palaces. They plough the deep—in storm and tempest:—but others reap and enjoy the harvest, in quiet and in security. They require, and should receive the friendly guardianship of the opulent and the pious. Let the Bethel Flag wave over them, in every harbor. Let Charity extend her open hand, to relieve their wants and necessities. Let wealth be poured forth liberally, to supply means for improving their condition. The interests, temporal and eternal, of this gallant class of men, have been too long neglected. C****

For the Literary Journal.

MODERN REFORM.

MR EDITOR,—Some weeks since, I glanced my eye over an article in your interesting paper, against the custom of wearing *Mourning Apparel*. Allow me to say, that though plausible and ingenious, the objections urged, are not, as I think, in accordance with the constitution of the human mind. The custom of indicating by outward and visible signs, the sorrow occasioned by the bereavement of relatives and friends, has been observed, in some form or other, in all ages. The foundation of this custom lies deep in the human mind and heart: and no abuse, or vitiation of the practice from its original intention, can furnish a just argument against it. The false principles of taste, religion, philosophy and science, which are adopted by some individuals, do not nullify the *reality* of sound principles held by others on these subjects. So neither can the mockery of grief, with which

many may assume the garb of mourning, render it useless or improper for those who do really feel sorrow, to put on the congenial habiliments of woe. "Tis not *alone* my *inky cloak*, good mother." Hamlet here alludes to the sable hue of his dress, as implying, in *part*, the grief that reigned within his heart. Man is not a mere creature of logic and abstraction. He is a creature of reason, sentiment and affection.—When we argue against a custom, on the cold ground of utility alone, we overlook essential parts of his nature. The sentiments and affections of his heart are as inherent in his being, as is the faculty of reason and abstraction. That cannot be sound philosophy, which disregards these constituent elements of man's nature; or gives but a partial attention to some of them. Whenever the original principles of our mental constitution remain unperverted, we discover in the conduct of mankind, *customs* arising out of these complex principles. It is in vain to present arguments unsuited to this original constitution of our nature: no changes, not grafted on this, can be lasting. The mind and heart of man will be true to their own internal impulses: and the logic that would reason them out of those customs and associations, which owe their strength and power to the tenderest and deepest affections and sentiments of the human spirit, may be presented and urged to beings of *another nature*; but not to *man*. The arguments of the writer, strike at the root of all customs, festal as well as funereal; and I see not why, with equal propriety, they may not be applied to all.—There are a thousand customs, which, I presume, he would not wish relinquished, that are liable to similar and equal abuses, with the custom of Mourning Apparel. That is, these practices may not be *real* indications of the state of the heart—their example may be the means of leading others into unnecessary expense and excess. We should always remember that individual self-discipline, is the only security for a sound moderation in character. If there are those, who forgetting the proprieties and duties arising out of their respective conditions and circumstances of life, pervert wholesome customs into a snare, I know not what must be done for such—but that they must incur all the shame and inconvenience, attendant on extravagance and imprudence. What is the use or necessity, reasoning on the principles of the objector, of monumental stones to commemorate the dead? Sooner or later, their bodies must be merged and mingled with the common dust. They can do no good to the living or the dead, and are an unnecessary expense and dangerous example to the poor: and if we really loved our friends, the imperishable memorial of their virtues is engraven on the tablet of the heart. But who are disposed not thus to evince their grief? Man is so formed by Him who made him, as to desire to give some sign of the internal movements and impulses of his nature:—and until we hold converse with spirits unclothed of flesh and blood, these external indications are no useless or insignificant developments. They link us one to another; and help us to become acquainted in some degree with our common nature, and to obtain a glance of the mysteries of the human spirit. The external badge of mourning is but a decent semblance of what *should* be felt in all cases of family bereavement. If we really estimate aright the worth of the undying spirit, whether the individual qualities of the friend we have lost, had excited attachment or disgust; we should wear our sable garments, with no uncongenial sadness. There is a proneness in human beings, from some cause or other, (we will not enter into an analysis of the cause,) while they claim the honor of an immortal destination, strangely to forget *that one event*, appointed to all, which is to usher the spirit into the boundless range of eternity. The decent memorials of grief, strike upon the eye and heart the too much forgotten truth, that *we must die*: that our friends *must die*; and should bring us to salutary preparation. The closing grave, I fear, would with many, bury all remembrances, were it not for these mementos of our mortality, marked by mourning apparel and the upraised stone. In obedience to the spirit of modern reform, the expressive funeral *knell*, has been suspended. Perhaps, consideration for the sick may render this necessary, I am not sure of this *however*: for it should tell upon *all*, most important truths, with which it would be better for the sick and the well to be more familiar.

I do trust, that the decencies of grief will still be evinced,

by some visible signs. They need not be expensive, or consume much time: and *here*, the author might have directed his arguments. I feel with him, the awful burlesque on grief, too often practiced, by making the house of mourning a scene of fashionable consultation and discussion. Still, let some sign be shown of grief; if the author prefers "sackcloth and ashes," to save expense, instead of the present custom, and can introduce the practice; it is very well: but pray, let us be preserved with our associations and feelings, from the spectacle of a bereaved family, appearing in all the colors of the rainbow. I humbly confess myself not *sufficiently enlightened* for this reform: and do pray, it may be gradual. As a national custom, independent of any reference to the constitution of our nature, this custom of Mourning Apparel has become engrafted upon all our views and feelings. *Black*, is the medium by which, as a nation, we express our grief for the dead; and it would be a long time indeed, before we could connect this sentiment with any other color. I am aware, that in other nations, different colors have been used as emblems of mourning: but to say nothing of the natural fitness of *Black* for this emblem, we have been so accustomed to regard it. Upon the principles of the objector, carried into other matters, we should strip the priest of his robes, the judge of his gown, the soldier of his regimentals, the bride of her attire, and the sailor of his pea-jacket. Now, Mr Editor, if your strictures, had been levelled at the *tomes* of pies and cake which are too often prepared, under bereavement, to console the grief of distant connections and friends on the occasion, I should have been better pleased. Instead of calling the "mourning women," as in the days of old, is it not too often the message, "*sad for the cooking women*;" that they may come—and thus the house of recent death is converted into a house of feasting where there can be no festivity. Let all these unnatural customs be relinquished;—but let the sable garb, still preserve the recently bereaved, by its expressive emblem, from being wounded by ignorance and inadvertence. Few and evil as have been the days of my life, I fear I shall yet live to see the abolition, in my *free country*, of all things but *slavery*. HARRIET.

[The article above referred to, on Mourning Apparel, originally appeared in the Connecticut Observer: and was sent us, a few weeks since, by an unknown hand, with a request for its re-publication. It was accordingly inserted, together with a few remarks expressive of our own views upon the subject. The reply of our correspondent, which is written with candor and ability, is also inserted with equal readiness. The difference in public opinion respecting the subject on which it treats, will probably not be much affected by any argument on either side. The opponents of the custom consider it as a matter for reasoning; while its advocates generally view it merely as one of feeling.—Ed.]

For the Literary Journal.

TO A SOUVENIR.

Come, let me view thy glittering pages,
So gaily bound in green and gold:
Such sparkling gems might charm e'en sages—
Thou art a new-year's gift, I'm told.
The light of mirth and humor flashing,
To each new page a magic lends;
While o'er the whole, proud Genius dashing
His fairy tints, with fancy blends.
Some paint the battle-scene, where glory
Sits on the crest or nodding plume
Of youthful hero famed in story,
While freshly yet his laurels bloom.
And softly now the measure changing,
With *hope* and *love* it wildly rings;
O'er all creation widely ranging,
O'er all, a brighter halo flings;
Each fond affection still endearing
Our chequered path of joy and woe;
While daughter, sister, wife, are cheering
Each sad or blissful scene below.
Like fairy sounds so softly sighing
From tiny boxes, wildly breathed,
Or pearls in shells of ocean lying,
Or rosy buds 'round fair brows wreathed:

So choice, so rare, each song or story
Seems like the stars that brightly shine
Mid heaven's blue arch, whose dazzling glory
Reveals a majesty divine.
Go then, where youth and joy await thee;
Whose smiles shall greet my Souvenir:
Such beaming smiles may well elate thee,
Formed to delight, enchant, endear.

For the Literary Journal.

THE FIRE-SIDE LIGHT.

At wintry eve, when in the West,
The sun hath coldly sunk to rest,
At wintry eve, when toil is o'er,
And the tired household meet once more;
How sweet to bid dull Care good-night,
And gather 'round the fire-side light!

Fresh faggots cheer the hour's return,
And crackle gaily while they burn;
The hearth is swept; the ruddy blaze
Each comfort in the room displays;
While quivering o'er the glittering wall,
The huge, fantastic shadows fall.

All gather round the cheerful fire,
From prattling babe to honored sire;
And many a happy face doth glow,
Where the red flames their radiance throw;
And many a kindly word, this night,
Is spoken 'round the fire-side light.

The father feels no world's-care near;
His world of joy and hope is *here*;
To his fond arms each dear child flies,
With merry voice and laughing eyes;
While she, whose truth words cannot prove,
Tells all in one bright look of love.

They speak of those whose converse blest,
In other days, these hours of rest—
Of those, who now, Oh Death, are thine!
Whose smiles were sweet in "*auld lang syne*"—
Of those, whose forms they miss to-night,
Dear wanderers from the fire-side light.

They look on those, whose love will cheer
The sorrow of Life's parting year;
And while they kneel in praise to Heaven,
Who hath so bright a Present given;
To Him their pure thanksgivings rise
Who bids the Future charm their eyes.

Oh! let the sad, who restless roam,
And deem that Earth is Sorrow's home,
Gaze on this scene; they sure will say,
That Peace hath not quite flown away—
That Happiness is here to-night,
And dwelleth by the fire-side light. THETA.

Translated from the French, for the Literary Journal.

LOVE AND FOLEY.

AN ALLEGORY.

All is mysterious around young Love—
His golden quiver; his unerring bow:
His infancy, as tender as the dove:
His venomous darts, which cause our tears to flow.

In vain hath Science ever sought to know
More than his birth, of pure, celestial race.
This little god who rules the world below,
We have no power, his character to trace.

To show you therefore, how the chance befel,
That robbed young Cupid of his beauteous eyes,
Is all my aim: fond lovers more can tell,
Whose sad experience is bought with sighs.

Folly and Love, one day, in sportive play,
(Young Love had then the use of both his eyes,)
Soon quarrelled: Cupid swore he would not stay;
But hasten to the courts beyond the skies.

Losing all patience, Folly aimed a blow
That quenched at once, those brilliant orbs of light.
Fair Venus dries his tears, and soothes his woe;
Then soaring upward, wings to Heaven her flight.

And there arrived, doth every Power invoke—
Fell Nemesis, and Jove enthroned in light—
Demands stern vengeance for the guilty stroke
That dooms her son to wander void of sight.

'Without a staff, no step can Cupid take:
This dreadful crime needs retribution keen'—
Her cries the Powers of Heaven and Hell invoke:
Who gaze astonished at proud Beauty's Queen.

After a long debate, the gods declare—
In synod all the great decree approve—
The cruel deed to soften and repair,
'Gay Folly shall forever lead blind Love.'

THE LITERARY JOURNAL.

EDITED BY ALBERT G. GREENE.

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NOTES ON STATUARY AND SCULPTURE.

NUMBER ONE.

Introduction.—Relative influence and connection of the Arts.—
EGYPTIAN SCULPTURE.—Methods of erecting and executing the larger works.—Statues at Thebes.—The Memnon.—The Sphinx.—Casting of Statues.—The Molten Calf.—Style of Modelling and Design.—Distinguishing character of the Egyptian Remains.

In the following brief observations, the term 'Sculpture' is intended to be used in its most extensive signification: and in speaking of 'Statuary,' we shall refer not only to its productions in stone and marble; but also to those in other materials which have been adopted for its purposes.

It is impossible to review the history of any one of the Fine Arts, with reference either to its principles or its productions, without being led in some degree, to an investigation of other arts of a kindred nature. We cannot, indeed, draw an exact dividing line between any two of them. The objects for which they are all pursued; the mental qualifications which the pursuit demands; and sometimes, even the materials which they require, are the same. During their infancy, two or more, which are afterwards considered as distinct, are blended together: and a similar combination often occurs in their progress towards perfection; when the full development and comprehension of principles, causes an union between two of their number which were originally considered as independent of each other. When the productions of any one of the Fine Arts are traced through its different successive periods, we frequently meet with some striking anomaly, to which we find it difficult to assign a place among the ordinary and legitimate productions of that art. This may prove to have been a barbarous innovation, or a daring improvement: but in either case, a consideration of its character and principles is required, in a history of the art from which it sprung. We cannot, for instance, make an exact division between Painting and colored Statuary—between Architecture and those gigantic masses of ancient Sculpture which were composed of distinct and separate parts. Under what individual department of the art, could we, for example, class the votive altar of the Greeks, if attempting to describe it, through all its changes of form, materials and decoration—from the rude masonry of its primeval structure; removed to give place to a solid block of Parian marble, adorned with classic reliefs of wreath and garland, in the perfection of sculpture; and this succeeded by another form, hewn like itself, from marble; but for the decoration of which, the art of the painter was required to color its sculptured flowers and foliage; until this also was removed, to be replaced by a more gorgeous fabric, uniting the labors of the sculptor, the painter, the goldsmith and the lapidary; until almost every portion of the earth had been explored for treasures, and almost every art had been put in requisition, to apply them for its adornment; and it stood encased in its rich and complicated mosaic of all that was rare

in execution or precious in material, blazing with gold and gems, with ivory and pearl.

This example in some degree explains the difficulty of conveying any idea of the progressive stages of an art which is at the first glance, apparently so distinct, without frequent reference to the productions of other arts. Discoveries respecting the properties of the materials which it requires, and their different modes of combination; and the new locations in which its productions have been required to be placed, must often require such references to be made.

The earliest existing specimens of Sculpture are probably those of Egypt. Of the methods by which these were executed, we as yet possess no certain history. The earliest works of this kind of which we have received any cotemporary description, are those of the Ancient Jews. Of these, no specimens remain. Of the earlier Grecian works, both the history and some few specimens, are still extant. The most remarkable works of each of these nations, will be briefly noticed.

In the remains of Egypt, what a field is opened to our view! Of the rise and early progress of her arts, we know absolutely nothing. Her great works remain: but when or how erected, has been for ages, an unanswered question.—The labors of Champollion have indeed done much towards recalling those records from oblivion, which until the period of his great discoveries, had remained an unread mystery, beneath the dust of thirty centuries. Still, nothing has been discovered which can enable us to trace the progress of those arts of which such massy and enduring monuments remain. There they stand, among the buried ruins of forgotten cities—on the banks of the silent river—and on the parched sands of the trackless desert:—towers, and columns, and colossal statues, whose every stone is a sculptured history:—and the wrecks of palaces and temples, each one in itself, like a ruined city, with its huge fragments stretching away in the distance, till the sight aches in following the long and dim perspective:—ruins.

"Whose lonely columns stand sublime,
Flinging their shadows from on high,
Like dials which the wizard Time
Had raised to count his centuries by."

There they stand, in their dark and silent grandeur, more like the ruins of a mightier world, than like the other works of men.

Most of the existing labors of the Egyptians, in Architecture and Sculpture, are doubtless to be referred to a period when these arts had arrived at the highest state of perfection to which they were ever carried by that wonderful people. Of the relative ages of these specimens, but little has been ascertained; and therefore in referring to them, no attempt will be made at chronological order.

Their smaller statues were usually wrought from sandstone; their largest were built of granite. Many of the latter were of gigantic dimensions. They appear to have pursued three different methods in the formation and erection of their larger works. Some of them were hewn from single pieces of stone, in the quarries of Upper Egypt: and when perfectly finished, were secured upon enormous rafts, and floated down the Nile to their places of erection. These, however, were probably not often works of the greatest dimensions.

Another method, and the one which was pursued in the erection of some of their largest statues, was to build the figure of regular courses of stone, to which the finishing touches of the chisel were given, after the whole were joined. It has, however, been asserted, that they wrought by rules so precise, that although the different ponderous stones making the component parts of an enormous statue, were hewn by different parties of men; yet so true was their workmanship, that after the whole were combined, no finishing was necessary. The most celebrated works of this description, are the colossal statues standing among the ruins of that vast edifice at Thebes, called the Memnonium. Two of these are still nearly or quite perfect. They are in a sitting posture, with their hands resting on their knees. Each is about fifty-two feet in height. The features, hair, head-dresses and drapery, are all cut with a bold and strong outline. Each statue is composed of five courses of stone: the

four lower courses forming the body and a part of the neck; and the fifth, the head.

According to Dr. Richardson, one of these is the celebrated statue of the Vocal Memnon; from which we are told by ancient writers, sounds of music issued, when it was struck by the first rays of the morning sun.

Scattered around and between these two immense figures, are the remains of one still larger: and it is asserted by Denon, and by most of the other French writers and travellers, that this is the vocal statue. Much controversy has arisen respecting the proper appellation of the vast palace or temple in which these statues were erected. It has been known as the "Memnonium," and the "Tomb of Osymandias;" but Champollion contended that he had decyphered its name on its remaining architraves, and in the legends which it bears: that it was erected by Ramesses the Great; and that its true name is "The Ramesseion." It is now probably impossible to ascertain with precision, its original size. Dr. Richardson conjectures that it was about two hundred feet wide, by six hundred in length.

The broken statue was built of red granite. Its entire head has been raised from the heap of fragments, and transported to England. It is now deposited in the British Museum, and generally known by the appellation of the "Young Memnon."

Mr Leigh, who visited the ruins in 1813, states, that the fragment of rock which formed the shoulders of this colossal image, measures twenty-five feet across. Henniker says, the little toe of the foot is three feet long. Considering these statues as they now remain, they are wonderful indeed: but when we reflect that they were not intended as perfect works in themselves, but merely as architectural ornaments; what idea can we form of the stupendous building which they were intended to embellish.

A third method, and the most remarkable one which was pursued in the formation of these enormous works, was to select some elevated and solid rock, from which to hew out the whole statue, leaving its foundation imbedded in the earth. The celebrated Sphinx was a work of this description. This figure, which had remained for ages, almost covered by the accumulated sand of the Desert, was, a few years ago, laid open to its base, by the enterprize and industry of Mr Caviglia; who devoted several months to the superintendence of the labor. He found that the statue was in a cumbent posture; its feet extending forward, fifty feet in advance of the breast: its body resembling that of a lion; measuring sixty-three feet from the pedestal to the top of its head: thirty-three feet across the breast: and about one hundred and thirty feet in its entire length.

Most of the statues which were executed in the latter method, were parts of, or included within, works of far greater magnitude. Many of the old Egyptian temples were subterranean excavations, formed by the enlargement of natural recesses; or hewn from the solid rock, with their columns and statues of one unbroken and unjointed whole.

From several passages in the Old Testament, it is probable that the Egyptians were unacquainted with the art of casting statues of metal, at a period as early as the time of Moses, or fifteen hundred years before the Christian era. A single fact is almost conclusive on this point. During the long residence of the Israelites in Egypt, they imbibed many of the religious views of their masters: and being employed on the public works, many of them must have acquired an extensive knowledge of the Egyptian arts. They daily witnessed the adoration which was there paid to the god Apis, who was worshipped in the form of an ox. Images of this fabulous deity were probably as common in the dwellings and sacred places of the Egyptians, as crucifixes are at the present day, in those of the people of Catholic countries. After the release of the Israelites from bondage, and during their march through the Desert, when Moses had left them, and ascended the Mount, whither he had been called to receive the tables of the Law, surprised at his long absence, they began to fear that he had deserted them. After the lapse of forty days, they thronged around Aaron, who, as Chief Priest, was the great director of their religious rites, and demanded that he should make them "other gods." In this emergency, believing themselves deserted by Jehovah, they had recourse to that supposed deity whose worship

they had seen in Egypt; and an idol was made, in the image of a calf; which was cast by Aaron from the ear-rings of the people. After these had been broken from their ears, and given to him; in the words of the narrative, "he received them at their hands; and fashioned it with a graving-tool, after he had made it a molten calf." In the account which he afterwards gave to Moses, he says; "And I said unto them, 'Whoever hath any gold, let him break it off; so they gave it me:—then I cast it into the fire; and there came out this calf.'"

It is a curious fact, that a people possessing so much mechanical skill as the Egyptians, should have left no direct proofs of their capacity for a more easy and graceful style of design. All their great statues present the same distinguishing and peculiar features; exhibiting none of that ideal and finished beauty which has immortalized the works of the Grecian chisel. Hard, rigid and inflexible in their outlines, they appear to embody no conceptions of ideal, or even of existing beauty. Massiveness, strength and durability appear to have been the great and almost sole object of their artists. Their existing representations of objects on a smaller scale are numberless: for almost all their ruins, and even the larger statues, contain delineations of animate and inanimate objects, in their hieroglyphical emblems; all bearing the same characteristics as the larger figures. If the assertion is correct, that the detached parts of some of the larger statues were entirely finished before the whole were united; it follows, that models or drawings of an accurate character must have previously been made; and if so, the question has often been asked, why was no easier form of outline attained, in such previous delineations.

From this peculiarly stiff and lifeless appearance of most of their statues, it has been conjectured, that in the earlier stages of their art, they obtained their outlines, by laying the dead or living body against the stone from which its representation was to be hewn, and drawing lines around it. This may be true: but the supposition is absurd, that any such practice in the infancy of an art, even if combined with an entire ignorance of the internal anatomy of the human figure, could have enstamped an indelible and unchanging character on the works of after times, which all subsequent experience could not remedy.

To say that a people so intelligent, exhibiting perseverance so unwearied and invincible, capable of so admirable and exact an adaptation of scientific principles—with the genius to design, and the power to execute, such proud and long-enduring monuments as theirs, were incapable of embodying any higher degree of grace and beauty, is idle and absurd. The very appearance of their monuments speaks the great design with which they were erected. A pervading and absorbing desire for duration, as far as human power could secure it—beyond the reach of dissolution and decay, appears to have been the great national feeling of that wonderful race. To give this to their customs, their laws, their religion, their country, to their public works, and to their individual memories, was the object of their gigantic labors.—Even the perishing fabric of their bodies must be preserved from dissolution. Even these come to us, as they first went to the tomb, unchanged and incorruptible. The very bodies of those who lived at a period so remote, that the date of their existence is almost on the central point of time, between our own day, and the world's first hour of being, come to us, sealed with the deep impress of that all-pervading feeling.—To the attainment of that great object and the gratification of that great impulse, every other purpose appears to have been considered as but of secondary importance. The more deeply we examine their character and that of their works, the more forcibly do we feel the truth of the sentiment of Champollion; that "no people ever conceived the arts of Architecture and Sculpture, on so sublime and so grand a scale as the Ancient Egyptians. Their conceptions were those of men an hundred feet high."

LITERARY NOTICES.

AMERICAN ANNALS OF EDUCATION AND INSTRUCTION; Edited by William C. Woodbridge; Boston.—The establishment of this periodical was a public benefit, and its editor had a right to expect the co-operation and support of every

friend of Education. If any doubt of the utility or necessity of his work could have existed at the time it was commenced; none, certainly, can now remain in the mind of any individual who has watched its progress. Under many and serious circumstances of discouragement, it has been continued to the conclusion of the third volume; furnishing a mass of highly valuable information, which is not to be found in any other form. The zeal, ability and perseverance which have been manifested by Mr Woodbridge, are as honorable to himself, as they have been useful to the great cause to which they have been devoted: and that any one who is capable of appreciating the value of his labors, should have viewed with indifference either the undertaking itself, or the manner in which it has been prosecuted, is to us a matter of surprise. Still, notwithstanding the acknowledged merit of this publication, so inadequate has been its patronage, that the publishers have been driven to the point of discontinuing it; and have announced, that unless more efficient means of support are bestowed, it must cease. Under these circumstances, it has been proposed by a number of the friends of Education, that a subscription should be commenced, for the purpose of purchasing the remaining numbers of the three volumes already completed, for distribution among public libraries and other institutions, in order to disseminate the information which they contain; and thus to furnish means for the continuance of the work. This project is a worthy and disinterested one, and deserves every encouragement.

We learn by a notice in the number for the present month, that the one for January will be issued as usual; and that the publication will then be relinquished, unless the requisite aid shall be received. We ardently hope that such will not be the case. It is to be regretted that an enterprise like this, has been suffered to languish; and it would be a disgrace to New-England, should it be permitted to die, for want of sufficient patronage to support it.

The number which is just published, fully sustains the reputation which the "Annals" have acquired: and if our limits would permit, we should make several extracts from its pages: but have only room for the following passages from a communication to the editor; in which the writer expresses his views respecting the character of the publication; and refers to the manifold defects in our systems of education, in the removal of which, it may exercise a powerful and beneficial influence. He says,

"While other works may have done some good, the 'Annals' has been, and is still, doing an immense amount, wherever it can gain a firm foundation and a standing with those who look at things as they are, and at the same time strive to make them what they ought to be.

And what is the secret of all this, if such it may be called? Certainly it lies in this.—Nature's path is followed in everything you recommend. You have told us, and with much truth, that in cultivating the intellect, the body and the heart must not be neglected. No course of education, it seems to me, can be called complete, unless it embraces all these three points.

And what is the course of instruction and education generally prevalent in our country? From the nursery to the University, the predominating point is mere knowledge, without regard to the manner in which that knowledge is acquired. An education—if such it may be called, is often acquired at the expense of the physical system, or of moral principle; and not unfrequently of both. If we look at the foundation of the evils in a course of education, shall we not find that in the cradle is the beginning of the wrong course which is too often pursued through life? Is it not owing to the extremely defective state of Female Education, that many errors now exist in our schools? The mother must be the moving power in the march of mind. On the education of females, and the alarming defects that now prevail, even among those who profess to be educated, or to have "finished their education," at least; I would gladly say much.

The subject of Common Schools is often brought before your readers in the Annals. I confess it is one of which my heart is full; and one which, to a great extent, employs my waking moments and my nightly dreams. And it is one on which the patriot, the philanthropist, and the Christian, should dwell with absorbing interest. But when we look over the face of our country, and see the miserable hovels under the name of "school houses," that may be found on the bleak hills, the barren sand banks, and even on the marshy grounds of New-England—when we find the interior construction of these hovels, worse, if possible, than the location; and these crowded almost to suffocation, with the tender infants that are sent thither, to be "out of the way" of unfeeling, almost unnatural, parents;—when our schools are kept (not taught) by those who can hardly manage the affairs

of the farm-yard;—and most of all to be deplored, when we see the apathy among those who are immediately and directly concerned with our schools, we are almost ready to say of our country, "The glory has departed."

SCENES OF AMERICAN WEALTH AND INDUSTRY; in Produce, Manufactures, Trade, the Fisheries, &c.—This is the title of a little volume recently published in Boston, by Messrs. Allen and Ticknor. It contains an account of the different productions of each of the United States; with a description of the geography, commerce, manufactures, and modes of agriculture of the British Provinces, the West Indies and South America. Its illustrations are good, and its mechanical execution remarkably neat and correct.

WORKS RECENTLY PUBLISHED.

The Hand; its Mechanism and Vital Endowments, as evincing Design: by Sir Charles Bell, K. G. H.

Chapman on Governments.

Adventures of the Dutchess de Berri: by Gen. Democourt.

Autobiography of John Galt.

Journal, and Letters from France and Great Britain: by Emma Willard.

Life and Times of Grant Thorburn: by Himself.

The Down Easters: by John Neal.

The Sketch Book of Fashion.

La Pologne: par Saltyk.

Essai sur l'Histoire des Arabes: par Marten.

WORKS ANNOUNCED AS IN THE PRESS.

Crichton's History of Arabia.

Select Works of D'Israeli.

Montgomery's Lectures on Poetry.

England and America.

Taylor's Social Evils and their Remedies.

James's 'String of Pearls.'

Prevention; or, the Edict of Nantz.

The Pilgrims of the Rhine: by E. L. Bulwer.

The Port Admiral.

My Travelling Acquaintance: by T. C. Grattan.

Trevallion: by the Author of 'Marriage in High Life.'

The Heiress.

The Coquette: by the Author of 'Miserrimus.'

Dr De Kay is engaged in the preparation of a book of Travels in Palestine. The well merited success of his recent work, the 'Sketches of Turkey,' will insure a welcome reception to his forthcoming volume.

Mr Simms, the author of 'Martin Faber,' is said to be employed in another similar work.

A new Drama is also announced, from the pen of Mr Stone, the author of 'Metamora.'

MR HANSEN'S CONCERT.—The vocal and instrumental concert, given on Monday evening, at the Masonic Hall, by Mr E. R. Hansen, with the Philharmonic Society, was attended by a numerous and gratified audience. The pieces were generally well selected, and performed in fine style.—Mr Hansen's execution on the violin was, as usual, of a high order; but his skill as a performer, as well as his talents as a composer, are now too generally understood and appreciated in our community, to require more than a passing acknowledgement. The Society of Amateurs over which he presides, deserve much credit for the degree of proficiency which they have attained. Under his guidance, their improvement has been rapid; and we doubt not, will be permanent. We hope they may be induced frequently to gratify the public, by similar exhibitions of their skill; for there is an evident disposition to encourage their exertions.

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SONG.

FROM THE FRENCH OF BERANGER.

"Shepherd! thou sayest our earthly doom
Obeys some star's mysterious power."
"Yes, my fair child: but night's deep gloom
Veils from our eyes the destined hour."
"Shepherd! thou read'st the stars aright,
Hast tracked each planet's wandering way;
Say, what betides yon falling light,
Which shoots, and shoots, and fades away?"

"My child, some mortal breathes his last,
His star shoots downward from its sphere;
That being's latest hours were past
Mid jovial friends and festive cheer:
All reckless sped his summoned sprite,
While flushed in evening sleep he lay"—
"See! yet another fleeting light,
Which shoots, and shoots, and fades away!"

"My child, how pure, how bright its beam!
There sank a maiden good and fair!
This morn repaid each wishful dream,
Each constant sigh, each hour of care;
This morn her brow with flowers was dight,
She crossed her father's door to day"—
"See! yet another passing light,
Which shoots, and shoots, and fades away!"

"Just then, a high and mighty lord,
New-born, in gold and purple sleeping,
His infant breath to Heaven restored,
And left a princely mother weeping:
Courtier, and slave, and parasite,
Were gathering round their future prey"—
"See! yet another meteor light,
Which shoots, and shoots, and fades away!"

"My child, how comet-like it gleamed!
A royal favorite's star was there,
Who laughed our woes to scorn, and deemed
"T was pride to mock a realm's despair:
Even now his flatterers hide from sight
The portraits of their god of clay"—
"See! yet another wandering light,
Which shoots, and shoots, and fades away!"

"My child, the blessings of the poor
Winged heavenward yonder fleeting soul;
Distress but gleams from other's store,
From him she reaped a plenteous dole:
From far and near, this very night,
Towards his doors the houseless stray"—
"See! yet another falling light,
Which shoots, and shoots, and fades away!"

"That star controlled a monarch's fate!
Go! welcome, son, thy lowly dwelling;
And envy not the stars of state
In lustre or in size excelling:
For didst thou shine all coldly bright
In useless grandeur, men would say,
"T is but a passing meteor-light,
Which shoots, and shoots, and fades away!"

TO A WIFE,

DURING A PERIOD OF SEVERE INDISPOSITION.

BY CORNELIUS NEALE.

I said I would love thee in want or in wealth,
Through clouds and through sunshine, in sickness, in health:
And fear not, my love, when thy spirits are weak—
The troth I have plighted I never will break.

Aye sickness; but sickness—it touches the heart
With a feeling, where how many feelings have part!
There's a music in soothing the wearisome hour;
Pity rears up the stem, and Hope looks for the flower.

The rose smells as sweetly in sunshine and air,
But the green-house has all our affection and care;
The lark sings as nobly, while soaring above,
But the bird that we nurse, is the bird that we love.

I have loved thee in sickness; I'll love thee in health;
And if want be our portion, why love be our wealth;
Thy comfort in sorrow—thy stay when most weak;
The troth I have plighted, I never will break.

SONG.

What absence from the heart can wrench
The thought that haunts where'er we rove?
Or what can time avail to quench
The enduring flame of youthful love?

Still, still, where'er we rest or roam,
The spirits rise of brighter hours:
Love lingers round the early home,
And strews the grave of Hope, with flowers.

BELISARIUS.

From the Montreal Gazette.

A ringing sound of war,
A breath of woe and fear;
The steady march of mailed hosts
Swells, tide-like, on the ear.
The distant banners float
In many a gorgeous line;
The dazzling gleam of warlike spears
Sends back the clear sunshine.

The lovely morning hour—
The blue, majestic day—
The star-illuminated night—
Have hailed them on their way!
Colossal trees are rent—
As by a tempest's wrath;
The noblest things are marked for death,
That bar their onward path!

Hark to the burst of war!—
The rival armies meet;—
Bright swords are flashing far—
Sharp arrows hissing fleet!—
Hark to the burst of war!—
To the wild, unearthly cheers;
To the rush of hostile feet,
To the iron clang of spears!

On flash the Vandal swords,
Against the Roman target:
The Massagetae bound
Like leopards to the charge!—
They faint—they yield—they flee!—
The Vandal reign is o'er!—
Its star of fame is set
In a midnight sea of gore!

Open thine ancient gates—
Proud Carthage, open free!—
Sing ye for freedom won!—
Shout!—shout for victory!—
The soldiers seize the spoil—
The women fearful shriek!
"T is past—the bloody broil—
And thousands cease to speak.

From the Dublin University Magazine.

SUMMER RECOLLECTIONS.

'T is sweet—'t is sweet—the summer dream
That haunts us in our winter hours:
The murmured music of a stream,
The voice of birds—the breath of flowers,
And the warm breeze that lightly heaves
The waters, and the whispering leaves.

There is a dream, more sadly sweet,
When summer years of youth return;
And hearts, that we no more may meet,
As fondly beat, as truly burn,
And eyes weep back to us awhile,
The sadness of their parting smile.

It comes, like music heard at night,
Like dew upon the drooping flowers,
Like morn's first dawning to their sight
Who darkly dwell in icy bowers,
To him who long hath felt depart
The light of hope, and bloom of heart.

Not yet—not yet the summer bloom
Of my young heart hath died away:
There is a twilight in the gloom,
A lingering smile—a farewell ray,
A hope of rapture, kindling yet,
A halo from the sun that's set!

FAREWELL TO LIFE.

BY KORNER.

Written in the night of the 17th and 18th of June, as I lay, severely wounded and helpless in a wood, expecting to die.

My deep wound burns; my pale lips quake in death,
I feel my fainting heart resign its strength,
And reaching now the limit of my life,
Lord, to thy will I yield my parting breath.

Yet many a dream hath charmed my youthful eye:
And must life's fairy visions all depart?
Oh surely no, for all that fired my heart
To rapture here, shall live with me on high.

And that fair form that won my earliest vow,
That my young spirit prized all else above,
And now adored as Freedom, now as Love,
Stands, in seraphic guise, before me now.

And as my failing senses fade away,
It beckons me, on high, to realms of endless day.

Let this idea dwell in our minds, that our duties to God and our duties to men, are not distinct and independent duties, but are involved in each other; that devotion and virtue are not different things; but the same thing, either in different stages or in different stations; in different points of progress, or circumstances of situation. What we call devotion, for the sake of distinction, during its initiatory and instrumental exercises, is devotion in its infancy; the virtue which after a time it produces, is virtue in its maturity; the contemplation of Deity, is devotion at rest: the execution of his commands, is devotion in action. Praise, is religion in the temple or in the closet; industry from a sense of duty, is religion in the shop, or in the field; commercial integrity, is religion in the mart; the communication of consolation, is religion in the house of mourning; tender attention, is religion in the chamber of sickness; paternal instruction, is religion at the hearth; judicial justice, is religion on the bench; patriotism, is religion in the public councils.—*Francis.*

Human beauty is so far from being (what it is said in the Scottish proverb to be) only *skin-deep*, that it derives its origin, and most essential characters, from the soul. Most people, therefore, may in some degree acquire it, who are willing to cultivate their intellectual powers, and to cherish good affections. And without a sound understanding, and a cheerful, benevolent, and gentle disposition, no fineness of shape, delicacy of complexion, or regularity of features, will ever form that genuine beauty, which at once pleases a discerning eye, and captivates and secures an intelligent mind. What ideas do we annex to the terms, a pretty idiot or a handsome termagant? Surely they are not agreeable, but very much the contrary. "Beauty," according to Plutarch, is the flower and blossom of virtue." It is outwardly ornamental; because it is the effect of a generous nature operating within.

AN INDIAN MORNING.—It was a magnificent morning in the month of May, 17—; the thermometer stood precisely at 137 Fahrenheit in the sun, but was some degrees lower in the shade. It was a magnificent morning! The Southern blast roared over the vast sandy plains of Hindostan with a voice like thunder, and the heat of seven hundred thousand glass houses. The boars thought it a nuisance, and the tigers felt sickish; as for the birds and insects, they had very little opinion on the subject, as most of them had been killed by the heat; but the snakes were prodigiously lively. There—here's a crash! hark! what a bellowing, what a howling, what a screeching—see—down goes a gigantic palm, with a rush and roar like the voice of an earthquake. He hath levelled a hundred saplings in his fall, and ground two very respectable Yongees into powder. But the uproar still continues. Let us see what is the matter—oh! as I supposed—a tiger and buffalo, coming to drink up the last quart of water which lies in a little patch of marsh, have got themselves into a sufficiently absurd situation—a playful boar has embraced them both, with all the warmth of affection, for which his friendly race is so remarkable.—*Bengal Annual.*

A miser being dead and fairly interred, came to the banks of the river Styx, desiring to be ferried over, along with the other ghosts. Charon demands his fare, and is surprised to see the miser, rather than pay it, throw himself into the river, and swim over to the other side, notwithstanding all the clamor and opposition that could be made to him. All Hell was in an uproar; and each of the judges was meditating some punishment suitable to a crime of such dangerous consequence to the infernal revenues. "Shall he be chained to the rock along with Prometheus? Or tumbled below the precipice in company with the Danaides? Or assist Sisyphus in rolling his stone?" "No," (says Minos,) none of these—we must invent some severer punishment. Let him be sent back to the earth, to see the use his heirs are making of his riches."

The Duke of York (afterwards James II.) once paid a visit to Milton. In the course of their conversation, the Duke asked Milton whether he did not think the loss of his sight was a judgment upon him for what he had written against Charles I. the Duke's father. Milton's reply was to this effect:—"If your highness thinks that the calamities which befall us are indications of the wrath of Heaven, in what manner are we to account for the fate of the King himself? The displeasure of Heaven must, upon this supposition, have been much greater against him than against me; for I have only lost my eyes, but he has lost his head."

Do not all that you can, spend not all that you have, believe not all that you hear, and tell not all that you know.

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